pany me right up to Port Mouat, the name of the station where I was to be placed. All the rest of my fellow brethren had to go to different other stations with strict injunctions not to meet amongst themselves. As I proceeded for some distance with my guide, we came to a small village, where the guide wanted me to stop for a little while, which 1 did, and the man bagan to talk to an old man, that 1 found was there, standing on the main road. Here again the Super-natural once more. The old man to whom my guide was talking happened to be a Bengalee Mahomedan, hailing from Eastern Bengal, most probably from Tipperah my own district or from Mymensing, an adjacent one; at least so I inferred from his tone and dialectical pronunciation. He was a 'Ticket of leave settled in that village, and naturally enough I felt very glad indeed to meet one who spoke my own tongue and my dialect even in such a far and out-of-the-way place, as an Andaman Village.

All on a sudden as the guide was talking to the said Mahomedan, I seemed to

hear a very familiar voice coming from somewhere near about. I looked around and was quite amazed